

THE CALDEONIAN.

MORAL & RELIGIOUS. THE CHIEF GOOD.

Happiness flits before the eyes of mortals, a transient phantom; now receding, until it is lost in the distance; then advancing with radiant brow and wreathed smile; opening wide its arms to receive the embrace of its fond nurses, then as suddenly disappearing, leaving them wrapped in darkness and gloom—Who has not been thus beguiled and cheated? Ask the sensualist, and he will tell you that his excesses have debilitated his body and excreted his spirit. Ask the successful aspirant for power, and he will tell you that his life is a life of splendid misery. Ask the mere man of wealth, and in the bitterness of his soul he will tell you that happiness is not necessarily the inmate of palaces, nor is she to be found in gold and silver. The scholar likewise, whose soul walks abroad through the universe, collecting from the boundless fields before him ample stores of information, will acknowledge that mere discipline and enlargement of the intellect itself by no means insures that peace of mind that passeth understanding. And the infidel, enepe though he seems to be in panoply of mail-bearing closely questioned, will confess that his undoubt is the source of unrest and fears which not even the most seductive philosophy can quell—Such will be the acknowledgement of every son and daughter of Adam, whose thoughts and affections have not passed the boundaries of this world.

Who will show us any good? is the eager inquiry of multitudes whom you may encounter in the streets, and in places of business, and of the gay and high places of earth—Has it been in vain, then, that God bowed the Heavens and came down to earth? Has it been in vain, in connection with the advent, life and death of Christ, events the most wonderful and astounding have been made to pass before the eyes of mankind?—Is Christ died in vain? Has he risen and ascended in vain? Is there any meaning in these wondrous actions?

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DUTIES TO THE DEPARTED.

A false notion has injured many, that we owe it to departed friends to die to those who remain, to die to our race, to feed on dark pictures of life, to reject the blessings which our kind Father has strewed in our path, because some have been taken from us. It ought to be the influence of bereavement—of the bani-hed loved ones from our sight, to give us more exalted and quickening conception of the spiritual nature of the abiding soul, of that maturity through which our faculties and affections are to expand into divine life and felicity; and under this hope we should desire to enter a wider field of action, now the departed have gone to see, to love and serve the infinite Father with a new fervor and elevation of spirit—and we should strive to sympathize with them by participation in their progress.

We are apt to feel as if nothing we could do on earth bears a relation to what the good are doing in a higher world; but it is not so. Heaven and earth are not so far apart. Every disinterested act, every exertion for "one of the least of Christ's brethren," every new insight into God's works, every new impulse given to the love of truth and goodness, associates us with the departed, brings us nearer to them, and is as truly heavenly as if we were not acting upon earth, but in heaven. These are common truths, but we do not feel them. The spiritual tie between us and the departed is not felt as should be. Our union with them daily grows stronger, if we daily make progress in what they are growing in.—*Channing.*

TAKE HIM OUT!

The best joke that we have heard related of the believers in spiritual knockings is told of a man in Norfolk county, in this State, who a few months since visited the house of a neighboring farmer, and as soon as the dishes were removed from the supper table, proposed to have a "sitting" with the family in the kitchen, to see if his dear guardian angel St. Luke, would not make some new revelation.

After sitting in death-like silence for about ten minutes, one hinted the possibility of the gentleman's being mistaken about his receiving communications from St. Luke—whereupon the spiritualist brought his fist down upon the table with decided emphasis, and exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, I know that I've had communications from my guardian angel, St. Luke. Yes, you may laugh as much as you like, but St. Luke is in the room now! Yes, his blessed spirit is here. I feel something now in my trousers! Yes, I—oh! ah! kiyi! Take him out!"

And here the gentleman leaped from his chair, grasped with both hands that portion of his pantaloons which is usually worn thin, moist, andlogged the spectators in the most pitiful tones to take him out, or he should die on the spot!

Requesting the ladies to leave the room, the gentlemen present made an examination of the spiritualist's pantaloons, and found them to contain a mouse, that by the sinfulness of the company had been induced to leave his quarters, and search for crumbs upon the floor.

It is not known whether the gentleman still believes that he is watched over by his friend St. Luke, but he avoids all spiritual assemblies, and is immediately silenced when he attempts to introduce the subject of spiritual knocking by the mischievous boys, exclaiming:

"I use him out! take him out!"—Boston *Journal.*

The following paragraph appears in Mr. Hale's last number of "To-Day":

so frequent, that we have thought the world might forget that there was also danger in handling other explosive substances, such as the old-fashioned gunpowder for instance.—The singular accident which recently happened at Sulphur Springs will perhaps tend to put the public on their guard. One of the visitors at the hotel there, who was in the habit of faithfully drinking the waters of the spring, partook at night of some saltpeter beef, which had been prepared for the evening supper, and as usual, washed it down with some of the water deeply imbibed with sulphur. On retiring to rest, he brushed his teeth with charcoal powder; and, on turning round to blow out his candle, his head burst asunder with a terrific explosion. A coroner's jury was summoned, which reported a verdict in accordance with the above facts: and added that no blame was attached to the dinner."

From the Louisville Democrat.

THE BULL AND THE LOCOMOTIVE.

In a sort of mazy madness—
Roued o'er the grassy plain—
Half in anger, half in sadness,
Tossed his bony tail and mane.
Was he yet the monarch's monarch—
Or the pasture still the king?
And he raised his head so lordly—
Gave his tail a wider swing.

Was he not acknowledged chiefain
Or the horned boves of cattle?
Was he not the tried and trusted
In each bovine field of battle?
Was he not the loved and chosen
Of the milkin'-king's fairest queen?
Was he not the admiration
Of each bull-call on the green?

It was true, and well he knew it:
Whose claim would dare dispute?
Dearly, dearly should he run it,
Be he long, or short-horned brute.
What, then, meant this daring stranger,
Who, with breath of smoke and flame,
Shouting fear and breathing danger,
Through the meadows rushing came?

True, thy intruder's limbs were weighty,
And he seemed a thing of night;
True, he might be very dangerous
If he showed a wish to fight.
But he followed to much and loudly
To be willing for a lark,
And the bull repeated proudly,
Biting dogs do never bark?"

"And I swear by fair Europa,
When the stranger comes again—
Rushing through the verdant pasture,
Steaming wild across the plain,
I will call my herd to battle,
Baffle cross the monster's track—
Either we shall be good, or—
Or we'll drive him, frightened back!"

See! after the locomotive,
Whirling o'er the fragrant mead,
And he nears the very meadow,
Where, beneath the gallant lead
Of their monarch and valiant,
Stand the tawny-horned crowd;
Nought he needs them, but the bell rings,
And he whistles very loud.

From his pent up breast escaping,
Shrieked the steam—a dismal cough;
Frightened were the herd of bullocks,
And they madly stampeded off—
All but one, and he courageous—
Nought but death can force to yield;
He will conquer, or, as he meant,
You shall hear him from the field.

Thus he stands, and waits the coming—
Off it goes, who drew-near;
Rounds with trumpet fury,
From a heart that knows no fear,
Sticks down his noble frontlet,
With considerable vim—
Bull! he takes the locomotive,
Bull! the locomotive hums.

Need I tell whom old John said?—
Need I speak the bullock's fate?
Widow cows, with cossels lowing,
Will the horrid relate,
In the fashing of the lightning—
In the twinkling of a thought—
He, the thief of cow's affection,
By the cow-catcher was caught.

Sat a foamer on the rail-car,
Sat the bullock's fatal stroke—
Saw him fall across the sleepers,
Knew his gallant neck was broke;
Saw his form in fragments lying—
As he sadly gazed at them,
Quoth he, "I admire your courage,
But your friend I condemn."

MORAL.

Young men al, when you are angered—
Deem a rival in your path—
Find yourself forgotten, slighted—
Think! there's little use in wrath.
If you're wise you'll grin and bear it,
How'er vilely wronged you are;

Never on provocation,
But against a railroad car.

The above will be sold

ST. JOHNSBURY MARBLE WORKS.

The best joke that we have heard related of the believers in spiritual knockings is told of a man in Norfolk county, in this State, who a few months since visited the house of a neighboring farmer, and as soon as the dishes were removed from the supper table, proposed to have a "sitting" with the family in the kitchen, to see if his dear guardian angel St. Luke, would not make some new revelation.

N. B.—The subscribers have fitted up a new MARBLE SHOP opposite the Passenger Depot, St. Johnsbury, Vt., and are now prepared to furnish

MARBLE WORK,

in all its various branches in a style which CAN NOT BE EQUALLED AT ANY OTHER ESTABLISHMENT AND WITHIN THE MEANS OF AFFORDING.

MONUMENTS, Grave Stones,

Hearths, Counter, Table, and

WASH STAND TOPS,

And all other articles manufactured of Stone, Soap Stone and Fire Stone. They have constantly on hand

Grave Stones & Monuments,

of every style and pattern which they can offer, than any other establishment in the States, having

factured from the very best FRANC & ANSON STONE.

Those who are about erecting Monuments or Grave Stones, will find at this establishment a style of patterns far superior to those to be had elsewhere, and the subscribers also will furnish Marble Chimney Pots at Boston prices. Also, Iron Fence for enclosing lawns etc. All work done free of charge.

THOMAS BRIGHAM CO.,

Marble Works, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

March 16, 1852.

NOTICE EXTRA!

For the benefit of those concerned!

A good assortment of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters

will be kept up until about the first of January next.

ALSO,

Shoe Findings and Tools,

both the good people of St. Johnsbury and vicinity for foot-wear.

Under the Circumstance

Boots and Shoes will be sold low for cash, or short credit.

LEA & READING, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

March 16, 1852.

To Wood Choppers.

J. H. WELLIET & CO. have just received a new

axe head and spike, Brooks & Co's and Weld's

Axes which are good and superior to any manufac-

tured in New England. Also a good assortment

of Ax heads and spikes, and spikes

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